

Confusion

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Summary: A Terrorist's thoughts. Kinda confusing, as the name suggests.

Confusion

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>
As the title suggests, this story may be a little confusing. Hope you can decipher what's going on. There is no speech, no descriptions, only thoughts.

>
For those who can't figure out, the map is cs-office.

>

>
Ok. Here we go.

>
It's awfully cold... luckily I wore gloves, otherwise the metal of my AK would be frozen to the palms of my hands. Better be careful.

>
Ok, creeping around the back, behind Will. There's a ladder here, and a window. The cold of the snow is going straight through my boots. Wish I'd worn thicker socks.

>
Gah! The metal ladder is freezing. And as I'm climbing the AK's sight is bonking me on the head. Finally! At the top.

>
Break the stupid glass, Will. Yes, with the knife. _Honestly.

>

>Don't slash it!
_

>The handle! Bash it with the handle! Yes, I don't care about the noise! Just _break the stupid thing!

>

>Ugh. Finally. Unsling AK, sidestep past Will, and...

>
Hello boys! We've come to blast the crap outta you... nah. But make any sudden movements and we will.

>
Ahh, the satisfaction of seeing their frightened faces. Reminds me of a rabbit. Get the duct tape from my belt, Will, while I cover them.

>
_No, not my ammo, _ you idiot! Do you see this ring _here?_

>
No, not the grenade ring! Pull that and we all go sky-high!
Aarggh. You idiot. Cover them with your Scout. I'll tie them up.

>
Will. Hey...

>
He's moving!

>
Get him!

>
Son of a...

>
Ow!

>
Ow! Hey! You stupid...

>
Get the stupid duct tape, you idiot, Will!

>
No, not that!! Ow!

>
This guy is putting up one heck of a fight...

>
Well take this! And this!

>
And-- ow!

>
This!

>
Finally. Stupid idiot.

>
So, you _finally_ found the duct tape eh? _Well tie them up!_

>
_Will!!

>

>Cover them, Will. No you idiot! Not the pistol! Scout!

>
A few minutes later

>
Well that's done.

>
Oh, it's my radio. Hang on for a sec...

>
What? Counter-Terrorist teams here already?!

>
Dang. Will, stay here, and guard the door. And don't go on one of your wild shooting things again.

>
I don't even know whether he can shoot in the first place...

>
Here we go. Hallway.

>
Who's-- oh, it's you, Otis.

>
Well, looks like I'm off to cover the door-- wait, that sounds like that idiot Will.

>
Will, _what the heck are you doing?!_ Good grief, you _stupid--_

>
Otis. Help guard the door. I need to stay here and supervise this idiot here.

>
Wait-- those are gunshots!

>
Aargh!! Otis' body just flew down the hall!

>
SAS!!

>
Die die die die!!

>
Aarggahrgh it's an M3 Super 90!!

>
Ok. Casualty check.

>
Otis. Dead. Will. Alive, _curses._ John. Injured, but still able to put up a fight.

>
Zack. Dead, most likely. He was standing at the door when--

>
Crap!

>
Phew. Dang, I just emptied an entire clip.

>
Ok... Me, uninjured-- wait.

>
My ear got hit with some buckshot. Gah, it'll heal. Especially in this cold weather.

>
Will, go out and guard the door. I need to guard the hostages. _Yes, even if it means dying!_ Don't be so melodramatic.

>
Goddesses, where did John get this guy?!

>
Wait. Will?

>
Will?

>
Don't give me this crap. Will, report in.

>
But if he's dead, I didn't hear anything!
>
Wait. His body is there. Musta been a knife attack, since at
this range I woulda heard a silencer-- crap.
>
Man, that was close! This Glock is pretty good... even though it
won't stand up to a Desert Eagle.
>
Wait, what was tha--
>
END

End
file.